

Random Encounter

Story: Random Encounter

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Summary: Piers is musing aboard the Lemurian ship before the party is attacked! Crack. Hinted Felix/Piers

***Chapter 1*: Random Encounter**

This story came absolutely out of nowhere. = 3 If any of you wonderful readers know my deviantart, you may have seen the Golden Sun fanart that spawned this story just a little while after it. It literally just grew out of that first line, and I wrote it in such a short amount of time due to a level of productivity I'm really not used to xD

I should also quickly warn you that there is a brief little hint at Felix/Piers (for those that need warnings for that sort of thing) and that MOST of this is just crack xD Not humour central, but definitely not to be taken seriously =P Enjoy! Golden Sun =D Go!

Random Encounter

The four Djinn swam through the air. They darted and twirled around each other, spinning and swirling playfully above the ocean that churned beneath them. The Mars Djinn gently head butted the Venus Djinn, sending it tumbling backwards into the Mercury and Jupiter Djinn, causing them to spiral off higher into the air. The Mars Djinn darted up after them while the Venus one gleefully spun around in circles chasing its tail.

Piers watched the display idly from the deck of the Lemurian ship, leaning against the rail as the continuous cool wind gusted past him. His turquoise hair ruffled softly in the wind as he stood lost in thought. There was a pressing matter at hand, he was sure of it. He just couldn't quite recall what it was. It seemed like it had been an age since he had last come out on deck, yet that was absolute nonsense. He did

this every day. So why did it feel like he had been jolted out of a sleep that had lasted months?

He casually glanced down at the water beneath him, being roughly churned into small waves as the ship ploughed onwards. He stretched his hand out before him, clenching and unclenching his fist slowly. He marvelled at how his arms could still be so thick with muscle after not being used for so long. Yet, he had no memory of anything that had supposedly happened between this day and the one before it. Perhaps he was inflicted with some kind of strange spell effect that he didn't remember getting. Or perhaps he just needed more sleep. Yeah, that must be it.

With a conclusive nod to himself, Piers turned from his reverie and was confronted with an all too familiar sound – one of unnaturally sloshing footsteps and gurgled breathing. As if to confirm his thoughts, the four playful Djinn flew past him, returning to the adepts they were set to for the oncoming battle. Piers scanned the ship's deck before him, waiting for the first sign of the invaders. The wooden planks and carved structures merely sat there as the ship rocked slowly through the waves. Then he saw it. Up by the bow, a scaled hand was gripping onto the rail of the ship. It was soon followed by another hand, and a disturbingly unhuman and greenly scaled head, complete with side fins and flapping gills. A Merman. Another set of hands quickly appeared next to it, and the two Mermen attempted to climb on board with surprising speed.

Before the monsters could climb any further Piers quickly turned and called out over to the raised section of the ship.

"FELIX!"

Always quick to respond, Felix vaulted over the rail and landed on the deck near Piers, sword in hand and ready. The sound of boots on stairs thundered loudly before the cabin door slammed open. Jenna and Sheba emerged from the ship's depths, running out to flank Felix and Piers on either side. Smiling at a job well done, Piers turned to face their foe

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-and was promptly floored by a scaley fist colliding with his head. The world spun as he fell back on the deck, clutching his head with one hand and looking up at the assaulting creature. The Merman looked only too pleased with itself as it snarled down at him with force, its black eyes shining. It did not get to do this for long, however, as a giant glowing sword flew through the air and collided with its chest, exploding on impact and sending it flying back across the deck. Piers managed to scramble up into a sitting position in time to see a fuming serpent of fire arc through the air and directly hit the Merman as it tried to stand, disintegrating it on the spot.

Piers swung his head around in time to spot the remaining monster running at Sheba. It swung its claw down at her, though she managed to jump back and narrowly avoid its attack. It sloshed backwards in surprise and Sheba brought her staff down against its skull as hard as she possibly could. Piers admitted it probably wasn't that hard, considering it was Sheba, yet it did the trick and Merman stumbled backwards in a daze. Piers took the chance to throw his hand out towards the Merman, concentrating on the chilling essence of Mercury as the familiar purple rings cascaded around him. Ice crystals spiralled through the air, centering on the Merman and causing it to swiftly stop moving altogether. Its skin became opaque and in an instant the Merman was frozen solid, seeming for all the world like a

finely carved ice sculpture. You know, except for the fact that it was amazingly hideous.

The battle was over. Piers exhaled a breath he didn't know he had been holding and looked around the deck in triumph. The clear blue sky and gentle sea all around made the sight seem perfect. There was barely a cloud in the sky. As Piers peered across the ocean calmly the four Djinn from before drifted back out over the ship's edge, twirling and playing in mid air once again.

Piers turned back to the ship and Felix was bending down in front of him, holding out a gloved hand.

"You okay?"

Piers nodded his thanks and took his hand, pulling himself up onto his feet. He brushed himself off quickly and flashed a grateful smile at Felix.

"Thank you, Felix."

"You're not hurt are you?" as Felix spoke the words he took a step closer to Piers, running his hand across Piers' forehead and leaning in closely to check for any sign of damage. Piers couldn't but smile and vainly try to avoid blushing - vainly being the key word of the sentence.

"Uh...I'm fine, Felix. Really." He accompanied this with his best attempt at a reassuring smile. After a moment Felix nodded and turned to move back to where he had been before the fight. At the sound of someone snickering Piers turned his head to find Jenna and Sheba watching him from across the deck. He walked over, pulling his face back under control as he went.

"You are such a child, Jenna." Piers crossed his thick arms and frowned at her. She planted her fists on her hips in response and frowned back.

"And *you're* such an old man!" She stuck her tongue out and before he could react Sheba was speaking.

"I don't mean to burst your bubble, Piers, but I do think Felix will end up with me instead." Piers turned to face her calmly. Her short yellow hair and calm expression made her seem far too mystical for someone so young.

"Just what do you mean by that?" He was trying his very best to sound casual, yet judging by Jenna's continued snickering it wasn't incredibly effective.

"He jumped off a *lighthouse* to save me, remember?" Sheba smiled sweetly up at him. Piers snorted.

"Did it ever occur to you that he may just be chivalrous?"

"Oh please," Jenna interrupted, laughing, "Our scriptwriters aren't that in depth."

To be fair, they might be! We will see when we see which pairings really are canonical =P

=D Untill then, much crack will follow!